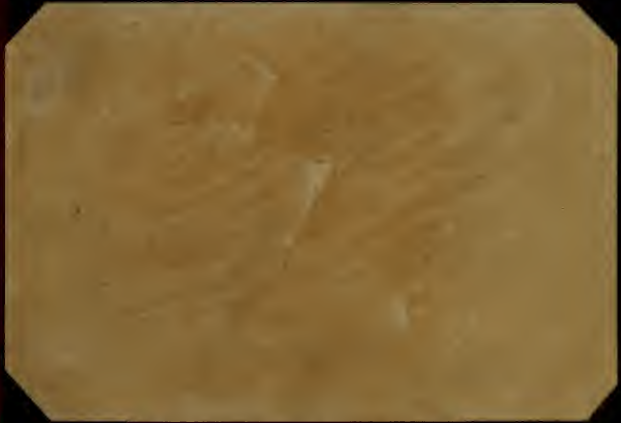


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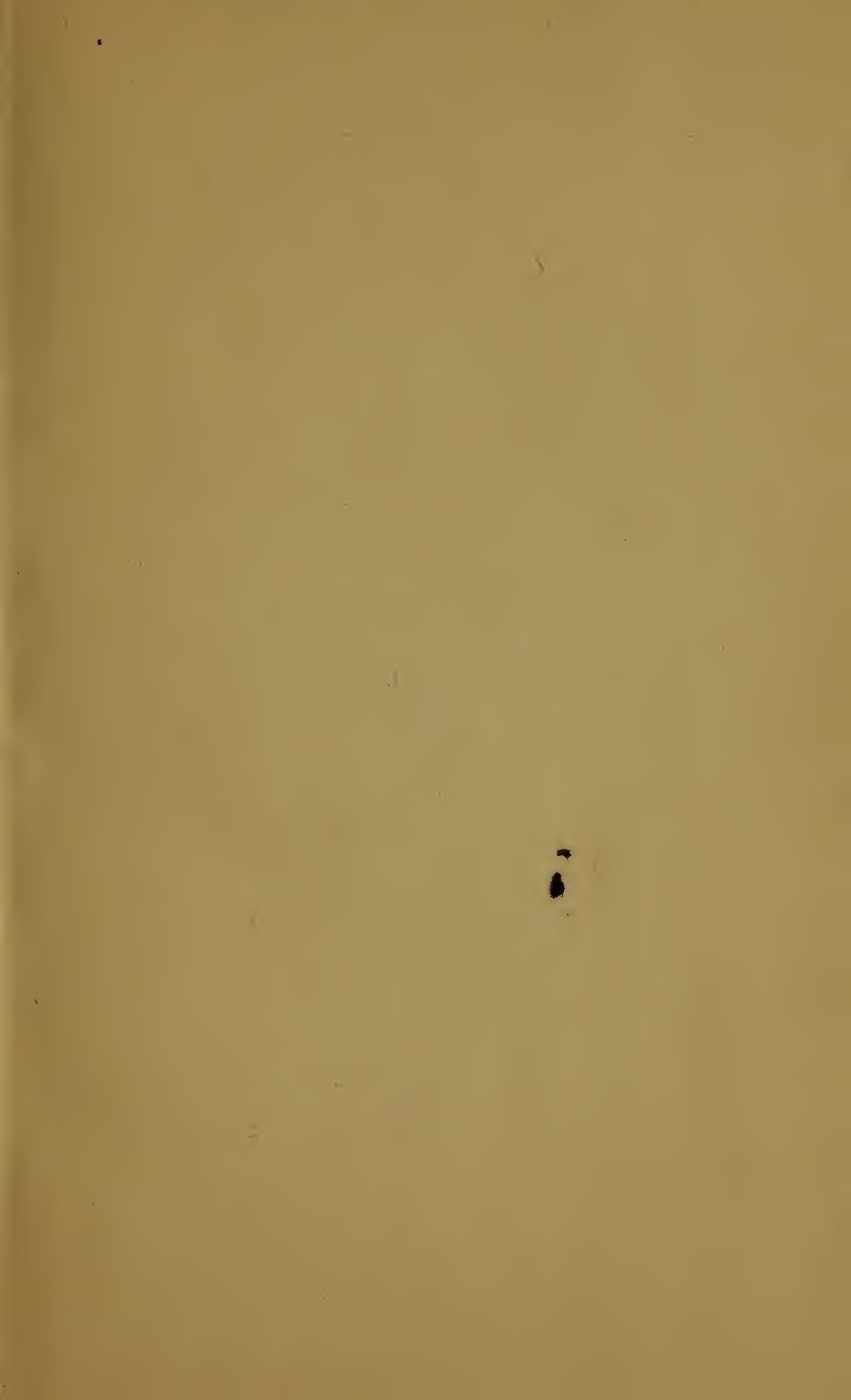
1854





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Chippendale

Love for Love.

Congreve's Comedy

OF

LOVE FOR LOVE,

CAREFULLY REVISED, CURTAILED, AND ALTERED BY

JAMES W. WALLACK,

AND PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME ON ANY STAGE IN ITS
PRESENT FORM, MARCH 1st, 1854,

AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

CORRECTLY MARKED AS ACTED, BY

HENRY B. PHILLIPS, PROMPTER.

NEW-YORK :

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,

840 & 842 BROADWAY.

LONDON : 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.

M.DCCC. LIV.

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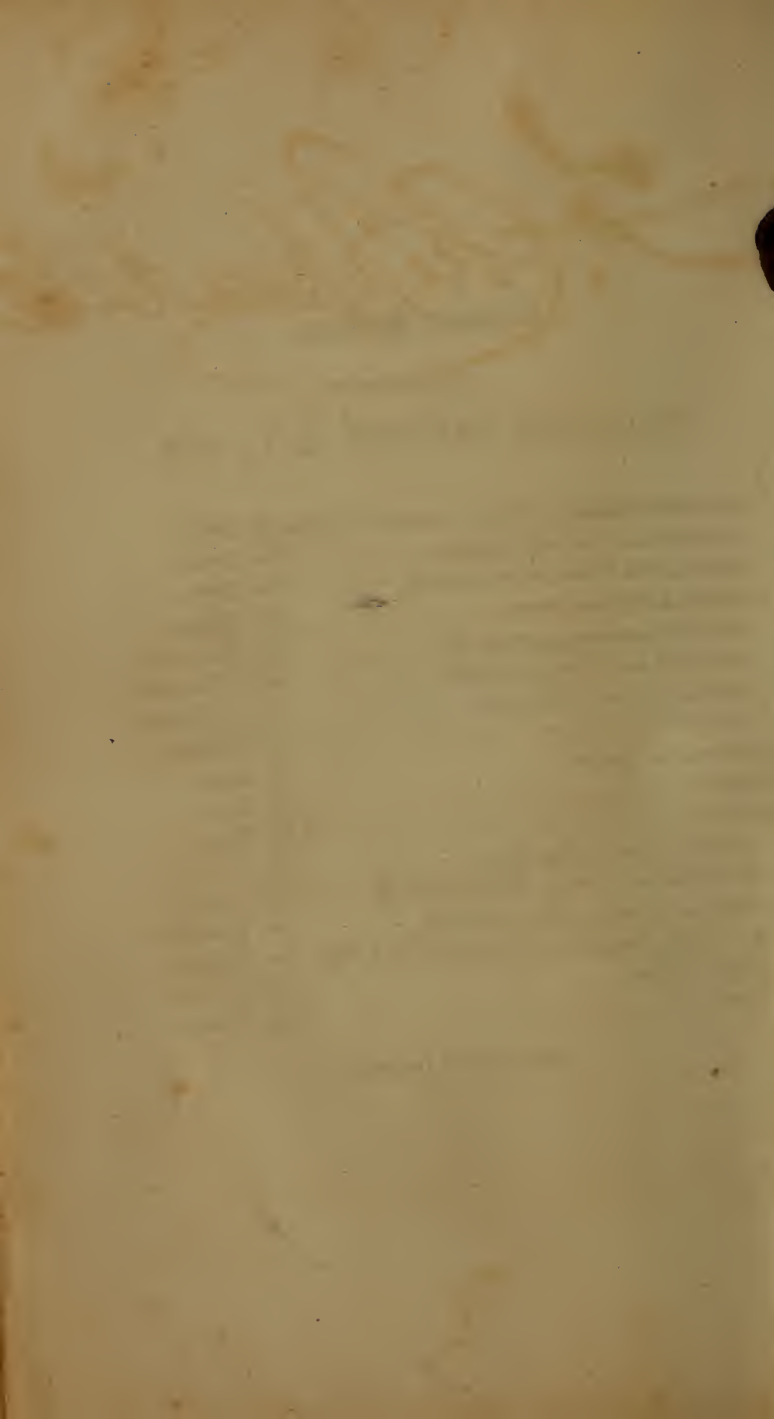
Dramatis Personae,

AS PERFORMED AT

WALLACK'S THEATRE, N. Y., 1854.

SIR SAMPSON LEGEND, <i>Father to Valentine and Ben</i>	Mr. Blake.
VALENTINE, <i>in love with Angelica</i>	Mr. Lester.
SCANDAL, <i>His Friend, a free Speaker</i>	Mr. Dyott.
TATTLE, <i>a half-witted beau</i>	Mr. Walcott.
BEN, <i>Sir Sampson's youngest Son</i>	Mr. Brougham.
FORESIGHT, <i>an illiterate old fellow</i>	Mr. L. Thompson.
JEREMY, <i>Servant to Valentine</i>	Mr. F. A. Vincent.
TRAPLAND, <i>a Scrivener</i>	Mr. Bernard.
BUCKRAM, <i>a Lawyer</i>	Mr. Lyster.
STEWARD	Mr. Brown.
SERVANT	Mr. Burke.
ANGELICA, <i>Niece to Foresight</i>	Mrs. Hoey.
MRS. FORESIGHT, <i>Second Wife to Foresight</i>	Mrs. Cramer.
MRS. FRAIL, <i>Sister to Mrs. Foresight</i>	Mrs. Brougham.
MISS PRUE, <i>Daughter to Foresight by first Wife</i>	Mrs. Stephens.
NURSE TO MISS	Mrs. Isherwood
JENNY	Mrs. Phillips.

SCENE IN LONDON.



A. Chippendale

LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Valentine's Chamber.* VALENTINE seated at Table, R. H., reading; JEREMY waiting. Several Books upon the table, L. H.

Val. Jeremy!

Jer. Sir!

Val. Here, take away, I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read. [Rises.

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet! [Aside, and taking away the books.

Val. And, d'ye hear, go you to breakfast. There's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an Emperor.

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts? [Coming down, R. H.

Val. Read, read, sirrah! and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh. Read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes. Shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises.

Jer. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge. Pray, what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man—not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph! And so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten?

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? Or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

Val. Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it, and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages—these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason, because they abound in sense, and you are a fool? [Crosses P. S.]

Jer. Ay, sir, I am a fool, I know it: and yet, Heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit. But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expenses would bring you to, your coaches and your liveries, your treats and your balls, your being in love with a lady that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity, and keeping company with wits that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now, when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well, and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be revenged on them all. I'll pursue Angelica with more

love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rivalled the rich fops that made court to her. So shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love which has principally reduced me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I'm in a condition to be even with them.

[Sits at table, R. H.]

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now Heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper! You don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do, I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem! Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines,—only to certify those whom it may concern,—That the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch, by name, has for the space of seven years, truly and faithfully served Valentine Legend, Esquire, and that he is not now turned away for any misdemeanor, but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him.

Val. No, sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, it's impossible. I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works: but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canonized for a muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help. I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts.

Jer. But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favor? If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet! The spirit of Famine appears to me, like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great for-

tune, and his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage or the day of death.

Enter SCANDAL, L. 2 E.

Scandal. What! Jeremy holding forth?

Val. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scand. Ay? Why then I'm afraid Jeremy has wit: for wherever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

Jer. Why so? I have been telling my master, sir. Mr. Scandal, for Heaven's sake, sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet!

Scand. Poet! he shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head than the lining! Why, what the devil! Has not your poverty made you enemies enough? Must you need show your wit to get more?

Jer. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself?

Scand. Jeremy speaks like an oracle! Don't you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates, and seems commissioned by Heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be revenged. [Rises.

Scand. Rail?—at whom?—the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where the religion is folly? No! turn flatterer, quack, lawyer! A modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named: without you could retrieve the ancient honors of the name, recall the stage of Athens, and be allowed the force of open, honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets as if your character had been lately exposed upon the stage. Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade. [*A knock, L. 2 E.*] Jeremy, see who's there. (*Jeremy exits door, L. 2 E.*) But tell me what you would have me do? What do the world say of me, and my forced confinement?

Scand. The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions. Some pity you, and condemn your father: others excuse him, and blame you. Only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well: since love and pleasurable expense have been your greatest faults.

Re-enter JEREMY, L. 2 E.

Val. How now? [*Crosses c.*]

Jer. Nothing new, sir. I have dispatched some half-a-dozen duns with as much dexterity as an hungry Judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given them?

Scand. Patience, I suppose—the old receipt!

Jer. No, faith, sir: I have put them off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forced to tell them in plain downright English—

Val. What?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jer. To-morrow.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it? not at all: it has been so very much stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and nobody will be surprised at the matter. [*Knocking.*] Again! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleased to answer these yourself?

Val. [*sits*] See who they are. [*Exit Jeremy*, L. 2 E.] By this, Scandal, you may see what it is to be great. Secretaries of State, Presidents of the Council, and Generals of an army, lead just such a life as I do, have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises, which are but a civiller sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Enter JEREMY, L. 2 E.

Jer. O, sir, there's Trapland, the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows, and there's your father's steward!

Val. Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day!

[*Jeremy exits*, L. 2 E. and re-enters with Trapland.

O, Mr. Trapland! my old friend! welcome! Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of wine, and a toast—fly—

Trap. A good morning to you, Mr. Valentine, and to you, Mr. Scandal.

[*Jeremy puts chairs, and stands up stage*, R. C.

Scand. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down, you know his way.

[*All sit.*

Trap. [C.] There is a debt, Mr. Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing—

Val. [L.] I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate. Sirrah! the wine.

[*Jeremy brings wine from Buffet*, R. H. *Fills.*

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you!—fill, fill, to honest Mr. Trapland—fuller!

[*Jeremy fills Trapland's glass.*

Trap. Hold! this is not to our business—my service to you, Mr. Scandal. [*Drinks.*] I have forborne as long—

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk—fill, Jeremy.

[*Jeremy fills again.*]

Trap. No more in truth :—I have forborne, I say—

Val. And how does your handsome daughter? Come, a good husband to her! [*Drinks.*]

Trap. Thank you! I have been out of this money.

Val. Drink first, Scandal, why do you not drink?

[*They drink.*]

Trap. And in short, I can't be put off no longer.

Jer. Sir, your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Mr. Trapland, you shall have an answer presently.

[*Enter Steward, L. 2 E. who whispers Valentine.*]

Scand. Here is a dog now, a traitor in his wine! Sirrah, refund the wine!

Trap. Mr. Scandal, you are uncivil. I did not value your wine, but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scand. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

Val. You need say no more. I understand the conditions, they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing: I agree to them. Take Mr. Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing. Mr. Trapland, you know this man, he shall satisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my necessity.

Val. No apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me,—my business requires—

[*Exit Trapland, Steward, and Jeremy, L. 2 E.*]

Scand. He begs pardon, like a hangman, at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scand. I am surprised! What, does your father relent?

Val. No! he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world. You have heard of a booby brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago? This brother, my father heard, is landed, whereupon, he very affectionately sends me word—If I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate, after his death to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds, to pay my debts, and make my fortune. This was once proposed before, and I refused it; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

Scand. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica! And I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper,—she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scand. Women of her airy temper, rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean, but you have little reason to believe that a woman, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune. Besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own, and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool!

Enter JEREMY, L. 2 E.

Jer. More misfortunes, sir!

Val. What, another dun?

Jer. No, sir, but Mr. Tattle is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I cannot help it, you must bring him up, he knows I don't go abroad. [*Exit Jeremy, L. 2 E.*]

Scand. I'll be gone! [*Exit L.*]

Val. No, pr'ythee stay! Tattle and Scandal should never be asunder, you are light and shadow, and show one another. He is perfectly thy reverse both in humor and understanding, and as you set up for a defamer of characters, he is a mender of reputations.

Scand. A mender of reputations! Ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper, deny a woman's name, forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time show you her hand in the superscription, and yet perhaps he has counterfeited her hand too, and sworn to a truth. In short, he is a public possessor of secrecy, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence. He is here!

Enter TATTLE, L. 2 E. and comes down c.

Tattle. Valentine, good morrow: Scandal, I am yours, that is, when you speak well of me.

Scand. [L.] That is, when I am yours, for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Tattle. [c.] How inhuman!

Val. [r.] Well, Tattle, you need not be much concerned at any thing that he says, for to converse with Scandal, is to play at losing loadum, you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

Tattle. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumniation! I thank Heaven, it has always been a part of my characters, to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed!

Scand. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tattle. Nay, why rotten? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the person of whom you speak? How cruel that is! As I hope to be saved, Valentine, I never exposed a Lady in all my life!

Val. And yet you have conversed with several.

Tattle. To be free with you, I have,—I don't care if I own that.

Scand. What think you of that noble Commoner, Mrs. Drab?

Tattle. Pooh! I know Madam Drab has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what,—but, upon my reputation, she did me wrong!—Well—well—that was malice. She was bribed to that by one we all know—a man too—only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality.

Scand. Whom we all know!

Tattle. No matter for that—yes, yes, every body knows, no doubt on't, every body knows my secrets! but I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence, for I told her—Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and says this and that of one and the other, and every thing in the world,—and, says I, if your Grace—

Scand. Grace!

Tattle. O Lord, what have I said? My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha! ha! ha!

Scand. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect. I shall have an esteem for thee—well, and, ha, ha, ha! Well, go on!—and what did you say to her Grace?

Tattle. Not a word, as I hope to be saved, an arrant *lapsus linguae*!—Come, let us talk of something else!

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tattle. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rallied with you!—A woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other—faith, I know not what. . Come, let's talk of something else!

[*Crosses to R. H. humming a song.*]

Scand. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should inquire!

Tattle. Valentine, I supped last night, with your mistress, and her uncle, old Foresight: I think your father lies at Foresight's. [*Crosses to c.*

Val. Yes.

Tattle. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman! And so is Mrs. Foresight, and her sister, Mrs. Frail!

Scand. Yes, Mrs. Frail is a very fine woman, we all know her.

Tattle. O that is not fair!

Scand. What?

Tattle. To tell!

Scand. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. Frail?

Tattle. Who, I? Upon honor, I know nothing!

Scand. No!

Tattle. No.

Scand. She says otherwise.

Tattle. Impossible!

Scand. Yes, faith! Ask Valentine else.

Tattle. Why then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scand. No doubt on it! Well, but has she done you wrong, or no?

Tattle. Though I have more honor than to tell first, I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

Scand. Well, you own it?

Tattle. I am strangely surprised! Yes, yes, I cannot deny it!

Scand. She'll be here by-and-by. She sees Valentine every morning.

Tattle. How!

Val. She does me the favor of a visit sometimes.

Enter JEREMY, L. 2. E.

Jer. Sir, Mrs. Frail.

Val. Show her up!

[*Exit Jeremy, L. 2 E.*

Tattle. I'll be gone!

[*Going, L. 2 E.*

Val. You'll meet her!

Tattle. Is there not a back way? [*Crosses back to R.*

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage: why your running away will prove all that he can tell her!

Tattle. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous? O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever! I shall never be received but upon public days—and my visits—never be locked in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table,—never to be distinguished among the waiting women by the name of trusty Mr. Tattle more!

Mrs. Frail. [*Outside L.*] Shall I find him in his room?

Tattle. O unfortunate! She's come already!

Enter MRS. FRAIL, L. 2 E.

Mrs. Frail. [*L. c.*] I shall get a fine reputation by coming to see fellows in a morning! Scandal, you devil, are you here too? Oh, Mr. Tattle, every thing is safe with you, we know!

Scand. [c.] Tattle!

Tattle. [c.] Mum! O madam, you do me too much honor.

Val. [r.] Well, Lady Galloper, how does Angelica?
[Crosses c.]

Mrs. F. Angelica? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover.—

Mr. F. [c.] No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular,—but otherwise, I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. [r. c.] But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs. F. Then let him marry, and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs. Frail. You are the most mistaken in the world—there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband: for, in a little time he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news, but, I suppose, you hear your brother Benjamin is landed,—and my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country—I assure you there's a match talked of by the old people. Well, if he be but as great a sea-beast as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious progeny:—he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Plague take them! Their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure!

Mrs. F. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates a future Admiral, and an eminent Justice of the Peace! 'Tis the most superstitious old fool! He would have persuaded me that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad, but I invented a dream, and sent him

to Artemidorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come! What will you give me, Mr. Tattle? [Crosses R. C.]

Tattle. I? My soul, Madam!

Mrs. F. Pooh, no, I thank you! Well, but I'll come and see you one of these mornings,—I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tattle. I have a pretty good collection, at your service, some originals.

Scand. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons, and the Twelve Cæsars, paltry copies, and the Five Senses, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only original you will see there!

Mrs. F. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scand. Yes, all that have looked on him with favor, if you will believe him. [R. M. B.]

Mrs. F. Ay, let me see those, Mr. Tattle!

Tattle. O, Madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation! No man but the painter, and myself, was ever blest with the sight!

Mrs. F. Well, but a woman—

Tattle. No woman, till she consented to have her picture there too.

Scand. No, no, come to me, if you'd see pictures.

Mrs. F. You? [Crosses to L. C.]

Scand. Yes, faith, I can show you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs. F. O lying creature! Valentine, does not he lie? I can't believe a word he says!

Val. No, indeed, he speaks truth now; for, as Tattle has pictures of all that have shown him favor, he has the pictures of all that have refused him,—if satires, characters, and lampoons, are pictures!

Scand. Yes, mine are most in black and white,—and yet there are some set out in their true colors, both men and women. I can show you pride, folly, affectation, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece! Then I can show you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, and ugliness, in another piece, and yet, one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a professed beau! I have some hieroglyphics too. I have a lawyer, with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face—a divine, with two faces and one head—and I have a soldier with his brains in his stomach, and his heart where his head should be!

Mrs. F. And no head?

Scand. No head.

Tattle. No head!

Mrs. F. Bless me, no head! Pooh! This is all invention! I'll come if it be but to disprove you!

Enter JEREMY, L. 2 E.

Jer. Sir, here's the Steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him. Will you give me leave? I'll wait on you again presently. [*Crosses O. P.*]

Mrs. F. [*Going up to door L. 2 E.*] No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the Exchange? I must call on my sister Foresight there.

Scand. [*Goes to her.*] I will. I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. F. Civil!

Tattle. [*Goes to Mrs. Frail.*] I will, because I have a *tendre* for your ladyship.

Mrs. F. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion. [*Exit Mrs. F. and Tattle, L. 2 E.*]

Val. Tell Angelica I am about making hard conditions, to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scand. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a lover of any body that I know. You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your Mistress. In my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer,

“Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land,
Or win a mistress with a losing hand.”

[*Exit Scandal*, L. 2 E. *Valentine* sits at table R. H. and reads.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Foresight's House. Enter FORESIGHT and Servant, L. H.*

Fore. Hey-day! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? Nor my sister? Nor my daughter?

Serv. No, sir.

Fore. Mercy on us! What can be the meaning of it? Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes! Is my niece Angelica at home?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, sir!

Serv. Sir?

Fore. I say, you lie, sir! It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it, for, I was born, sir, when the Crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backwards.

Serv. I can't tell, indeed, sir!

Fore. No, I know you can't, sir! But I can tell, and foretell, sir. [*Enter Nurse, R. H.*] Nurse where's your young mistress?

Nurse. Wee'st heart! I know not, they're none of them come home yet. Poor child, I warrant she's fond of seeing the town! Marry, pray Heaven they have given her any dinner! Good lack-a-day, ha! ha! ha! O

strange, I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha! Marry, and did you ever see the like?

Fore. Why, how now? What's the matter?

Nurse. Pray Heaven send your worship good luck! Marry, and amen, with all my heart! for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward!

Fore. Ha! how? Faith and troth, I'm glad of it; and so I have, that may be good luck in troth, in troth it may, very good luck: nay, I have had some omens! I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation, pretty good that too! But then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel;—bad omens those! Some bad, some good, our lives are checkered: Mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time. But, in troth, I am pleased at my stocking—very well pleased at my stocking. [*A knock.*] Oh, here's my niece! Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend, I'll wait on him if he's at leisure. [*Exit servant, L. H.*] 'Tis now three o'clock, a very good hour for business,—Mercury governs this hour.

Enter ANGELICA, L. 1 E. Nurse goes up and sits in chair, R. H.

Angel. Is it not a good hour for pleasure, too, Uncle? Pray lend me your coach,—mine's out of order.

Fore. What, would you be gadding, too? Sure all females are mad to-day! It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family. I remember an old prophecy, written by *Messahalah*, the *Arabian*, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard:

“When housewives all the house forsake,
And leave good men to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That house doth stand upon its head,

And when the head is set in ground,
No mar'l, if it be fruitful found,"

Fruitful, the head fruitful:—the fruit of the head! Dear niece, stay at home,—for by the head of the house is meant the husband, the prophecy needs no explanation!

Angel. Well, but I can neither endanger you, Uncle, by going abroad, nor secure you from danger, by staying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes, while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

Angel. But my inclinations are in force. I have a mind to go abroad, and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair. Why don't you keep your wife at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not Lord of the Ascendant! Ha! ha! ha!

Fore. Well, jill-flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing the celestial science.

Angel. Nay, Uncle, don't be angry! If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighborhood. What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision, as it were for a siege! What a world of fire and candle, matches, and tinder boxes, did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground, or at least making a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season.

Fore. Why, you malapert hussy!

Angel. Will you lend me your coach? Or I'll go on—Nay, I'll declare how you prophecied Popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion

and spoon-meat together! Indeed, Uncle, I'll indite you for a wizard.

Fore. How, hussy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

Nurse. O merciful! how she talks. [*Comes down, R. H.*

Angel. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices, you, and the old nurse there!

Nurse. Marry, Heaven defend! I at midnight practices! I, in unlawful doings with my master's worship? Why, did you ever hear the like now? Sir, did ever I do any thing but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco box by you? I!

[*Exit R. crying.*

Angel. Yes, like Saul and the Witch of Endor, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent servants' names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the caudle-cup.

Fore. I defy you, hussy, but I'll remember this! I'll be revenged on you, cockatrice, I'll hamper you! You have your fortune in your own hands, but I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spendthrift gallant, Valentine, pay for all, I will!

Angel. Will you? I care not!

Fore. This is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity, there the curse of kindred was foretold. But I will have my doors locked up—I'll punish you,—not a man shall enter my house!

Angel. Do, Uncle, lock them up quickly, before my aunt comes home! But let me be gone first, and then let no mankind come near the house, but converse with spirits and the celestial signs!

Fore. Come, you shall have my coach and horses!

faith and troth you shall. Does my wife complain? Come, I know women tell one another.

Angel. Ha! ha! ha!

Fore. Do you laugh? Well, gentlewoman, I'll—
But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle!
Tell me—won't you speak? Odd, I'll—

[*Enter servant* L. 1 E.

Serv. Sir Sampson is coming down, to wait upon you, sir.

Angel. Good bye, Uncle! Call me a chair. I'll find out my aunt, and tell her she must not come home.

[*Exit*, L. H.

Fore. I am so perplexed and vexed, I am not fit to receive him,—I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past! Go, sir, tell Sir Sampson I'm ready to wait on him.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[*Exit*, L. H.

Fore. Well,—why, if I was born to be so fool'd, there's no more to be said!

[*Enter Sir Sampson, with a paper*, L. H.

Sir Samp. Nor no more to be done, old boy, that is plain—here it is, I have it in my hand, old Ptolemy, I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him, I will, old *Nostradamus*! What, I warrant, my son thought nothing belonged to a father, but forgiveness and affection, no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power—nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon! I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper! Well, but here it is under black and white, *signatum*, *sigillatum*, and *deliberatum*—that, as soon as my son Benjamin is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance! Where's my daughter that is to be—ha! Old *Merlin*? Body o' me, I'm so glad I'm revenged on this undutiful rogue!

Fore. Odso, let me see, let me see the paper! Ay, faith and troth, here it is, if it will but hold. I wish things were done, and the conveyance made! When was this signed? What hour? Odso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste.

Sir Samp. Haste, ay, ay, haste enough, my son Ben will be in town to-night. I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlements and jointure—all shall be done to-night! No matter for the time, pr'ythee, brother Foresight, leave superstition, plague o' th' time, there's no time but the time present! If the sun shine by day and the stars by night,—why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle, and that's all the stars are good for!

Fore. How, how, Sir Sampson? that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant!

Sir Samp. I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur Astris*, there's *Latin* for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your *Ephemeris*! Ignorant! I tell you, I have travelled, old *Fercu*, and know the globe. I have seen the *Antipodes*, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day!

Fore. [*Walks Sir Sampson back to L. H.*] But I tell you, I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial *spheres*, know the *signs* and the *planets*, and their houses, can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of *sextiles*, *quadrates*, *trines*, and *oppositions*, fiery *trigons*, and aquatical *trigons*, know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy, whether diseases are curable or incurable, if journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings successful, or goods stolen recovered: I know why—

Sir Samp. [*Back to c.*] I know the length of the Emperor of *China's* foot, have kissed the *Great Mogul's*

slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of Tartary!

Fore. I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir Samp. I have known an astrologer made a fool, in the twinkling of a star, and seen a conjurer that could not keep the devil from his own wife.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better informed of this! [*Aside.*] Do you mean my wife, Sir Sampson? By the body of the sun—

Sir Samp. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother *Capricorn!*

Fore. *Capricorn* in your teeth, thou modern *Mandeville*, thou liar of the first magnitude! Take back your paper of inheritance, send your son to sea again! I'll wed my daughter to an *Egyptian* mummy, ere she shall marry with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue!

Sir Samp. Body o' me, I have gone too far! An *Egyptian* mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphic, and may have significations of futurity about him! Odsbud, I would my son were an *Egyptian* mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good *Haly?* I reverence the sun, moon, and stars, with all my heart! What, I'll make thee a present of a mummy! Now I think on't, body o' me, I have a shoulder of an *Egyptian* king, that I purloined from one of the pyramids, powdered with hieroglyphics; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house!

Fore. But what do you know of my wife, Sir Sampson?

Sir Samp. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues, she is the moon, and thou art the man with the bundle of sticks, nay, she is more illustrious than the moon, for she has her chastity without her inconstancy: 'sbud, I was but in jest!

Enter JEREMY, L. H.

How now? Who sent for you, ha? What would you have?

Jer. Your son.

Fore. Who's that fellow? I don't like his physiognomy!

Sir Samp. [*To Jeremy*] My son, sir! What son, sir? My son Benjamin, ha?

Jer. No, sir, Mr. Valentine, my master, it is the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir Samp. Well, sir.

Enter VALENTINE, L. H. 1 E.

Jer. He is here, sir. [*Go up* L. H.]

Val. Your blessing, sir.

Sir Samp. You've had it already, sir,—I think I sent it you to-day in a bill of four thousand pounds! A great deal of money, brother Foresight!

Fore. Ay, indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man. I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir Samp. Body o' me, so do I! Hark ye, Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity, dost hear, boy?

Val. Superfluity, sir! It will scarce pay my debts. I hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions which my necessity signed to.

Sir Samp. Sir! How? I beseech you, what were you pleased to intimate concerning indulgence?

Val. Why, sir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me, at least, from some part.

[*Foresight sits at table*, R. H.]

Sir Samp. O, sir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, sir, all that I presume to ask. But what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleased to add, will be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. No doubt of it, sweet sir; but your filial piety, and my fatherly fondness, would fit like two tallies. Here's a rogue, brother Foresight, would make a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be released from it in the afternoon; this is your wit now, this is the morality of your wits! You are a wit. Why, sirrah, is it not here under hand and seal? Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hanged! I shall live to see you go up *Holborn Hill*! Has he not a rogue's face? Speak, brother, you understand physiognomy; a hanging look, to me—of all my boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd *Tyburn* face!

Fore. [*At Table, R. H. looks through telescope.*] Hum! truly, I don't care to discourage a young man—he has a violent death in his face, but I hope no danger of hanging!

Val. Sir, is this the usage for your son? For that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, sir—

Sir Samp. You, sir, and you sir! Why, who are you, sir?

Val. Your son, sir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, sir: and I believe not!

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What! did you ever hear the like? did you ever hear the like? body o' me—

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity, and unnatural usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse?—Impudence! Why, sirrah,

mayn't I do what I please? Are you not my slave? did not I beget you? And might not I have chosen whether I would, or no? Oons! who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the world? How came you here, sir? Answer me that! Did you come a volunteer into the world? Or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you called me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir Samp. With all my heart! Come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world as you came into it.

Val. My clothes are soon put off,—but you must also divest me of my reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you gave me.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am, of myself, a plain, easy, simple creature, and to be kept at small expense: but the retinue that you gave me are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

[Retires and walks about in great agitation.]

Sir Samp. Oons! what had I to do with children? Can't a private man be born without all these followers?—Why, nothing under an Emperor, should be born with appetites!—Why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten-shilling ordinary!

Jer. Nay, that's as clear as the sun, I'll make oath of it before any justice in Middlesex!

Sir Samp. Here's a cormorant, too!—'S'heart, this fellow was not born with you? he's not mine, is he?

Jer. To tell your worship truth, I believe I am, for I find I was born with those same appetites too that my master speaks of.

Sir Samp. Why, look you there, now! 'S'heart, what should he do with a distinguishing taste? I warrant now, he'd rather eat a pheasant, than a piece of poor John,—and music—don't you love music, scoundrel?

[*Goes to him L.*

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jigs and country dances, and the like. I don't much matter your solos or sonatas, they give me the spleen.

Sir Samp. The spleen? Ha! ha! ha! Confound you! *Solos* or *Sonatas*? Dons, whose son are you? How were you engendered, muckworm?

Jer. I am, by my father, the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer, and I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar.

Fore. [*At table, R.*] By your looks, you should go up stairs out of the world too, friend!

Sir Samp. And if this rogue were anatomized now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a Cardinal,—this son of a cucumber! Body o' me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws? [*Val. advances, L.*] Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders; the one has its nutriment in its own hands, and the other spins his habitation out of its own entrails!

[*Crosses, R.*

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right of inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again! Oons, han't you four thousand pounds? If I had it again, I would not give thee a groat! What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee

out of my own vitals ! Ods-heart, live by your wits—you were always fond of the wits. Now, let's see if you have wit enough to keep yourself ! Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning, and then, look you perform covenants, and so your friend, and servant. Come, brother Foresight !

[*Knocks his cane on table, which startles Foresight, and he exits with Sir Sampson, R. H.*]

Jer. I told you what your visit would come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected. I did not come to see him, I came to Angelica ; but since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way, and at least looked well on my side ! What's here ? Mrs. Foresight, and Mrs. Frail ! They are earnest—I'll avoid them ! Come this way, and go and inquire when Angelica will return. [*Exeunt, R. H.*]

Enter MRS. FORESIGHT and MRS. FRAIL, L. H.

Mrs. Frail. Well, sister, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have. You have a rich husband, and are provided for : I am at a loss, and have no great stock of fortune. Sir Sampson has a son, that is expected to-night, and by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjuror. The estate, you know, is to be made over to him. Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, ha ? You understand me ?

Mrs. Fore. I do, and will help you to the utmost of my power. And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough. My awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle,—now, if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion to this sailor, it may go a great way toward his liking you. Here they come together, and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

Enter TATTLE and MISS PRUE, R. C.

Miss P. [*Running down, c.*] Mother, mother, mother, look you here!

Mrs. Fore. Fie, fie, miss, how you bawl! Besides, I have told you you must not call me mother.

Miss P. What must I call you then? Are you not my father's wife?

Mrs. Fore. Madam, you must say madam. By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother. Well, but miss, what are you so overjoyed at?

Miss P. Look you here, madam, then, what Mr. Tattle has given me. Look you here, cousin [*Crosses, R.*], here's a snuff-box, nay, there's snuff in it—here, will you have any? Oh, good! how sweet it is! Mr Tattle is all over sweet, his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet, and his kandkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses. Smell him, mother—madam, I mean! He gave me this ring for a kiss!

Tattle. Oh, fie, miss, you must not kiss and tell!

Miss P. Yes, I may tell my mother! [*Crosses.*] Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief. Smell, cousin! Is not it pure? It's better than lavender, nurse. I'm resolved I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my clothes, —ha, cousin?

Mrs. Frail. Fie, miss!

Tattle. Oh, madam! You are too severe upon miss, you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity, it becomes her strangely. Pretty miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocency! [*Goes up Stage with Miss P.*]

Mrs. Frail. Ah, sly devil! He thinks we don't observe him!

Mrs. Fore. A cunning cur! how soon he could find out a young, harmless creature!

Mrs. Frail. They're all so, sister, these men,—they love to flatter a young creature,—they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion. I warrant it would break Mr. Tattle's heart, to think that any body else should be beforehand with him!

Tattle. [*Coming down, R. C.*] Oh, Lord, I swear I would not for the world—

Mrs. Frail. O hang you, who'll believe you? We know you—she's very pretty! What pure red and white! Ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy if I were a man—

Miss P. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, sister, the girl is spoiled already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpaulin? Gad, I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr. Tattle.

Mrs. Frail. I'm afraid not—eh! filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar! You confounded toad, why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs. Fore. Nay, why did we let him?—My husband will think we brought them acquainted.

Mrs. Frail. Come, let us be gone. [*Crosses, R.*] If my brother Foresight should find us with them, he'd think so, sure enough!

Mrs. Fore. So he would—but then the leaving them together is bad—and he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. Frail. I don't care,—I won't be seen in it.

Mrs. Fore. Well, if you should, Mr. Tattle, you'll have a world to answer for,—remember, I wash my hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight, R. H.*]

Miss P. What makes them go away, Mr. Tattle?—What do they mean, do you know?

Tattle. Yes, my dear,—I think I can guess—but hang me if I know the reason of it!

Miss P. Come, must not we go too?

Tattle. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss P. No! What then? What shall you and I do together?

Tattle. I must make love to you, pretty miss: will you let me make love to you?

Miss P. Yes, if you please. [R. M. B.]

Tattle. Frank, egad, at least! What does Mrs. Foresight mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me? Or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by?—Egad, I'll understand it so!

[*Aside.*

Miss P. Well, and how will you make love to me?—Come, I long to have you begin!—Must I make love too? You must tell me how.

Tattle. You must let me speak, miss: you must not speak first. I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss P. What is it? Come, then, ask me.

Tattle. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss P. Yes.

Tattle. Pooh! you must not say, yes, already. I shan't care a farthing for you then, in a twinkling.

Miss P. What must I say then?

Tattle. Why, you must say no, or, believe not, or, you can't tell.

Miss P. [R.] Why, must I tell a lie then?

Tattle. [L.] Yes, if you'd be well bred. All well-bred persons lie!—Besides, you are a woman, you must never speak what you think; your words must contradict your thoughts, but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no but you must love me too. If I tell you, you are handsome, you must say, I flatter you. But you must think

yourself more charming than I speak you,—and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself. If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry.

Miss P. O, I swear this is pure! I like it better than our old-fashioned country-way of speaking one's mind.—And must not you lie too?

Tattle. Hum! yes—but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss P. O Gemini! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies—but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tattle. Well, my pretty creature, will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. No, indeed, I'm angry at you!

[*Runs and kisses him.*]

Tattle. Hold, hold! that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss P. Well, we'll do it again.

Tattle. With all my heart! [*Kisses her.*]

Miss P. O fie! Now I can't abide you!

Tattle. My dear apt scholar!

Nurse. [*Outside.*] Miss Prue! Miss Prue! Where are you?

Miss P. Now I'll run, and make more haste than you. [*Runs up stage.*]

Tattle. [*Running after her.*] You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue! [*Exeunt, C. R. H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, and ANGELICA, c.*

Angel. You can't accuse me of inconstancy, I never told you that I loved you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Angel. You mistake indifference for uncertainty; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scand. Nor good nature enough to answer him that did ask you. I'll say that for you, Madam.

Angel. What are you setting up for good nature?

Scand. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Angel. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

[*They go up.*]

Enter SIR SAMPSON, MRS. FRAIL, MISS PRUE, TATTLE, and Servant, R. H.

Sir Samp. Is Ben come? Odsso, my son Ben come? Odd, I'm glad on't! Where is he? I long to see him! Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben.—Body o'me, he's the hopes of my family—I han't seen him these three years—I warrant he's grown! Call him in, bid him make haste. [*Exit servant, L.*] I'm ready to cry for joy!

Mrs. Frail. Now, Miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss P. He shall be none of my husband!

[*Aside to Mrs. Frail.*

Mrs Frail. Hush! Well, he shan't leave that to me!

Mr. Tattle!

VALENTINE *is going, L.*

Angel. Won't you stay and see your brother?

Val. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere: when he rises, I must set. Besides if I should stay, I don't know but my father in good nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate, and I'll defer it as long as I can. Well, you'll come to a resolution?

Angel. I cannot. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scand. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you, I have something in my head to communicate to you.

[*Exeunt Scandal and Valentine, L.*

Sir Samp. [*Crosses to L.*] What! Is my son Valentine gone? What! Is he sneaked off, and would not see his brother? There's an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natured dog! What! Were you here, too, madam, and could not keep him? Could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection, oblige him? Odsbud, madam, have I more to say to him; he is not worth your consideration! The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him! All interest, all interest! He's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate! Body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Angel. I am pretty even with him, Sir Sampson, for, if ever I could have liked any thing in him, it should have been his estate too. But since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, well spoken, and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were!

Angel. If I marry, Sir Sampson, I am for a good estate with my man, and for any man with a good estate; therefore, if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir Samp. Faith and troth, you are a wise woman, and I'm glad to hear you say so! I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate. Odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart. Cast him off! You shall see the rogue show himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of four-score for sustenance! Odd, I love to see a young spendthrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak—faith I do! I love to see them hug, and cotton together, like down upon a thistle!

Enter BEN and Servant, L. H.

Ben. Where's father?

Serv. There, sir, his back's towards you. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Sir Samp. My son Ben! bless thee, my dear boy! Body o' me, thou art heartily welcome!

Ben. Thank you, father, and I'm glad to see you!

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee! dear Ben! [*Embraces him.*]

Ben. So, so, enough, father.—Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir Samp. And so thou shalt! Mrs. Angelica, my son Ben!

Ben. Forsooth, if you please! [*Salutes her.*] Nay, mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here: about ship, i'faith! [*Kisses Mrs. Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat! so! [*Kisses Miss Prue.*]

Tattle. Sir, you're welcome ashore!

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend!

Sir Samp. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. [*Crosses to L. C.*] Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, and that be all. Well father, and how do all at home? How does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Samp. Dick! Body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true: marry, I had forgot, Dick is dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you: Well, you ben't married again; father, be you?

Sir Samp. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben,—I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?—An you marry again—why then I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t'other, an that be all?—Pray don't let me be your hindrance, e'en marry, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. Frail. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman!

Ben. Handsome! He! he! he! Nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we said at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand toward matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

Sir Samp. Ben is a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors: he is chained to an oar all his life, and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain!

Sir Samp. A very wag! Ben is a very wag, only a little rough, he wants a little polishing.

Mrs. Frail. Not at all, I like this humor mightily:

it is plain and honest. I should like such a humor in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentleman! How say you, mistress? Would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged! But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head—top and top-gallant, by the mess!

Mrs. Frail. No? Why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset—he! he! he!

Angel. I swear, Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature, an absolute sea wit!

Sir Samp. Nay, Ben has parts, but as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry, I mean all in good part: if I give a jest, I'll take a jest, and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Angel. I thank you, sir,—I am not at all offended. But, methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

[*Crosses to R.*

Tattle. I have your promise. [*Aside to Miss P.*

Sir Samp. Body o' me, madam, you say true! [*Crosses.*] Look you, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, miss, you must not be shame-faced, we'll leave you together.

[*Passes her over to Ben, L. H.*

Miss P. I can't abide to be left alone. Mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir Samp. No, no! Come, let's away!

Ben. [*Crosses to Sir Samp.*] Look you, father, mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me!

Sir Samp. I warrant thee, boy! Come, come, we'll be gone, I'll venture that! [*Pushes Ben to Miss P. L. H.*
[*Exeunt Sir Sampson, Angelica, Tattle, and Mrs. Frail, R.*

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? For, an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair, there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you. [*Brings chairs L., they sit.*

Miss P. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you further off,—I an't deaf. [*Moves her chair.*

Ben. Why, that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb,—I can be heard as far as another—I'll heave off, to please you. [*Sits further off, R.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony: 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by father. How say you, mistress? the short of the thing is, that, if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No? I'm sorry for that! But, pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P. As long as one may not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that it's but a folly to lie, for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I am for carrying things above-board, I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches,—so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so,—there's no harm done. May-

hap you may be shame-faced. [*Goes to her.*] Some maidens, tho'f they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why silence gives consent!

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that, and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will, I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more! So, there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

[*Rises and gets round to R. H.*]

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love, or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end, and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do! But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat-o'-nine-tails laid across your shoulders! Flesh! Who are you? You heard 'tother handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, gad, I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch!

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf!

Ben. What! Do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let'n, let'en! But an he comes near to me, mayhap I may giv'n a salt eel for's supper, for all that! What does

father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dowdy? Sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalked-face! Marry thee? Oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels!

Miss P. I won't be called names, nor I won't be abused thus, no I won't! If I were a man [*cries*] you durst not talk at this rate—no, you durst not,—you nasty tar-barrel! [*Goes up stage.*]

Enter MRS. FORESIGHT and MRS. FRAIL, R. H.

Mrs. Fore. They have quarrelled, just as we could wish!

Ben. Tar-barrel! let your sweetheart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your *Tom Essence*, and I'll say something to him. Gad, I'll lace his musk-doublet for him! He shall smell more like a weasel than a civet cat, afore I ha' done with 'en!

Mrs. Fore. [*Crossing to Miss P.*] Bless me! What's the matter, miss? What, does she cry? Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry. She has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes!

Mrs. Fore. Come, miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor child!

Mrs. Frail. Lord, what shall we do? There's my brother Foresight, and Sir Sampson coming! Sister, do you take miss down into the parlor, and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber, for they must not know that they are fallen out. [*Exit Mrs. Fore. and Miss P. L. H.*] Come, sir, will you venture yourself with me?

[*Looking kindly on him.*]

Ben. Venture? Mess, and that I will, though it were to sea in a storm! [*Exeunt Ben and Mrs. Frail, c.*]

Enter SIR SAMPSON *and* FORESIGHT, R. H.

Sir Samp. I left them together here. What, are they gone? Ben is a brisk boy, he has got her into a corner. Father's own son, faith! he'll tousele her! Odd, if he should, I could not be angry with him, 'twould be but like me, *a chip of the old block!* Ha! thou'rt melancholic, old prognostication, as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or paired thy nails on a Sunday! Come, cheer up, look about thee,—look up, old star-gazer! Now he is poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him!

Fore. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir Samp. With all my heart!

Fore. At ten o'clock, punctually at ten!

Sir Samp. To a minute, to a second, thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions, they shall be married to a minute!

Enter Servant, L. H.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Scandal desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Fore. I go to him, Sir Sampson!

Sir Samp. What's the matter, friend?

Serv. Sir, 'tis about your son, Valentine; something has appeared to him in a dream that makes him prophesy!

Enter SCANDAL, L. H.

Scand. Sir Sampson, sad news!

Fore. Bless us!

Sir Samp. Why, what's the matter?

Scand. Something that ought to afflict you and him, and all of us.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax.

Scand. Mr. Foresight knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no earthquake?

Scand. No, not yet; nor whirlwind! But we don't know what it may come to,—but it has had a consequence already, that touches us all.

Sir Samp. Why, body o' me, out with it!

Scand. Something has appeared to your son, Valentine; he's very ill. He speaks little, yet he says he has a world to say,—asks for his father and the wise Foresight. I can get nothing out of him but sighs!

Sir Samp. Hoity-toity! What have I to do with his dreams, or his divination? This is a trick, to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil will tell him, in a dream, that he must not part with his estate,—but I'll tell him that the devil's a liar,—or, if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer, that shall outlie the devil!

[*Exeunt, L. H.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—VALENTINE'S *Lodgings.* *Enter* SCANDAL, L. 2 E.
JEREMY, C. D.

Scand. Well, is your master ready? Does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jer. Yes, sir, you need not make no great doubt of that! He, that was so near burning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

Scand. Would he have Angelica acquainted with the reason of his design?

Jer. No, sir, not yet. He has a mind to try whether his playing the madman won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him, or at least, own that she has loved him all this while, and concealed it.

Scand. I saw her take coach just now with her maid, and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jer. Like enough, sir, for I told her maid this morning my master was ~~an~~ stark mad, only for love of her mistress. I hear a coach stop: if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her till he hears how she takes it.

Scand. Well, I'll try her—'tis she, here she comes!

Enter ANGELICA, L. 2. E.

Angel. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning?

Scand. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But, when a lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruined lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty, the barbarity of it something surprises me.

Angel. I don't like raillery from a serious face. Pray tell me what is the matter?

Jer. No strange matter, madam,—my master's mad, that's all. I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Angel. How d'ye mean, mad? [*Crosses to Jeremy.*]

Jer. Why, faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of his money. His head is e'en as light as his pockets, and any body that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Angel. If you speak truth, your endeavoring at wit is very unreasonable!

Scand. [*Aside.*] She's concerned, and loves him.

Angel. Mr. Scandal, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concerned for a man I must own myself obliged to. Pray tell me the truth!

Scand. Faith, madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Angel. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think! Yet I should be vexed to have a trick put upon me! May I not see him?

Scand. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you should see him yet. Jeremy, go in, and inquire.

[*Exit Jeremy, c.*]

Angel. Ha! I saw him wink, and smile! I fancy a trick—I'll try! [*Aside.*] I would disguise to all the world, sir, a failing which I must own to you. I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of Valentine. Therefore,

I conjure you, as you are his friend, and as you have compassion upon one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—I cannot speak—but you may tell me, for you know what I would ask!

Scand. So, this is pretty plain!—Be not too much concerned, madam: I hope his condition is not desperate. An acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure, as the fear of your aversion occasioned his distemper.

Angel. Say you so? Nay, then, I'm convinced: and if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge! [*Aside.*] Acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concerned for him; but to love, is neither in my power nor inclination.

Scand. Hey, brave woman, i' faith! Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Angel. What signify a madman's desires? Besides, 'twould make me uneasy. If I don't see him perhaps my concern for him may lessen. If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself, and now the surprise is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was. [*Crosses, L.*]

Scand. You were confessing just now, an obligation to his love.

Angel. But I have considered that passions are unreasonable, and involuntary. If he loves, he can't help it: and if I don't love, I cannot help it, no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman, or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here.

[*Exit, L. 2. E.*]

Scand. Humph! An admirable composition, faith, this same womankind!

Enter JEREMY, C.

Jer. What, is she gone, sir?

Scand. Gone? Why she was never here, nor any where else, nor I don't know her if I see her, nor you neither!

Jer. Good lack! What's the matter now? Are any more of us to be mad? Why, sir, my master longs to see her, and is almost mad in good earnest with the joyful news of her being here!

Scand. We are all under a mistake—ask no questions, for I can't resolve you, but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness, into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir Sampson! You know your cue? I'll to your master. [*Exit*, C. D.

Enter SIR SAMPSON, and BUCKRAM, L. 2. E.

Sir Samp. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper signed with his own hand.

Buck. [L.] Good, sir! And the conveyance is ready drawn, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready! body o' me, he must be ready, his sham sickness shan't excuse him!—O, here's his scoundrel!—Sirrah, where's your master?

Jer. [R. H.] Ah, sir, he's quite gone!

Sir Samp. Gone! What, he is not dead?

Jer. No, sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What! is he gone out of town? Run away? Ha! has he tricked me? Speak, varlet!

Jer. No, no, sir, he's safe enough, sir, an he were but as found, poor gentleman! He is indeed here, sir, and not here, sir!

Sir Samp. Heyday! rascal, do you banter me? Sirrah, d'ye banter me?—Speak, sirrah! Where is he? for I will find him!

Jer. Would you could, sir, for he has lost himself. Indeed, sir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think of him, sir.—I'm as melancholy for him as a passing bell, sir, or a horse in a pound!

Sir Samp. Confound your similitudes, sir! Speak to be understood, and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's skull!

[*Raises his cane.*]

Jer. Ah, you've hit it, sir, that's the matter with him, sir, his skull's cracked, poor gentleman! He's stark mad, sir!

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buck. What! is he *non compos*?

Jer. Quite *non compos*, sir!

Buck. Why, then, all's obliterated, Sir Sampson! If he be *non compos mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect; it is not good in law.

Sir Samp. Oons, I won't believe it! let me see him, sir. Mad! I'll make him find his senses!

Jer. Mr. Scandal is with him, sir; I'll knock at the door.

[*Goes to c. d., which opens, and discovers Valentine and Scandal. Valentine upon a couch, disorderly dressed. Scandal and Jeremy push the couch forward.*]

Sir Samp. How now? What's here to do?

[*Crosses to r.*]

Val. Ha! Who's that?

[*Starting.*]

Scand. For heaven's sake! softly, sir, and gently, don't provoke him!

Val. Answer me, who is that? and that?

Sir Samp. Gads bobs! does he not know? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently. [*Crosses, o.*] Val, Val,

dost thou not know me, boy? Not know thy own father, Val? I am thy own father, and this, honest Brief Buckram, the lawyer!

Val. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full. There are people that we do know, and people that we do not know, and yet the sun shines upon all alike. There are fathers that have many children, and there are children that have many fathers—'tis strange!—But I am honesty, and come to give the world the lie!

Sir Samp. Body o' me, I know not what to say to him!

Val. Why does that lawyer wear black? does he carry his conscience without-side? Lawyer, what art thou?
[*Crosses.*] Dost thou know me? [Exit to Buckram.]

Buck. O Lord, what must I say? Yes, sir!

Val. Thou liest, for I am honesty! 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you! I have been sworn out of Westminster Hall the first day of every term—let me see—no matter how long. For my part, I am honesty, and can't tell, I have very few acquaintance!

[Goes up c. and throws himself on couch.]

Sir Samp. [Gets to R. H. in fear.] Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness! Has he no intervals?

[To Jeremy.]

Jer. Very short, sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this condition. Here's your paper, sir! He may do me a mischief if I stay. [Exit L. 2 E.]

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet!

Scand. You'd better let him go, sir, and send for him if there be occasion, for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'Tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the ears. Heigh-

ho! What o'clock is it? My father here? Your blessing, sir. [Falls on his knees.]

Sir Samp. He recovers!—Bless thee, Val! How dost thou do, boy? [Goes timidly towards him.]

Val. Thank you, sir, pretty well. I have been a little out of order. Won't you please to sit, sir?

Sir Samp. Ay, boy! Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

[Puts cane on table, R., and goes timidly to sofa, C. and sits.]

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir Samp. No, no! come, come, sit thee down, honest Val. [Val. appears to be scratching the ground—
Sir Sampson watches him with great fear, and gradually gets over the sofa and runs for his cane.] Come, come, Val,—no more of this—sit down: [Val. sits on sofa.] How dost thou do? let me feel thy pulse. Oh, pretty well now, Val. Body o' me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed; but I am glad thou art better, honest Val!

Val. I thank you, sir.

Scand. Miracle! The monster grows loving!

[Aside.]

Sir Samp. Let me feel thy hand again, Val. It does not shake,—I believe thou canst write, Val. Ha, boy? thou canst write thy name, Val? Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram, bid him make haste back with the conveyance—quick! [Exit Jeremy, L. 2 E.]

Scand. That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse! [Aside.]

Sir Samp. Dost thou know this paper, Val? I know thou'rt honest, and wilt perform articles.

[Showing Val. paper, but holding it out of his reach.]

Val. Pray let me see it, sir. You hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it, or no!

Sir Samp. See it, boy! Ay, ay, why thou dost see

it—'tis thy own hand, Vally! Why, let me see, I can read it, as plain as can be; look you here—[*Reads*] “*The condition of this obligation.*” Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins. And then at the bottom—“*As witness my hand, Valentine Legend,*”—in great letters! Why, 'tis as plain as the nose in one's face! What, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it further off yet—let me see. [*Stretches his arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

Sir Samp. Let thee hold it, say'st thou? Ay, with all my heart! What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it? I'll put it in my pocket, Val, and then nobody need hold it! [*Puts the paper in his pocket.*] There Val: it's safe, boy. But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val!

Enter JEREMY and BUCKRAM, L. 2 E.

Val. [*Starts, Sir Samp. jumps up and runs, R. H.*] What, is my bad genius here again? Oh, no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm, and he's come to be scratched! My nails are not long enough. Let me have a pair of red-hot tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose. [*Leads Buckram by nose. Buckram runs out, L. 2 E.*] Ha! ha! ha! You need not run so fast. Honesty will not overtake you!

Sir Samp. Oons, what a vexation is here! I know not what to do or say, or which way to go.

Val. Who's that that's out of his way? I am Honesty, and can set him right. Harkee, friend [*Crosses to Jeremy*], the straight road is the worst way you can go. But it is wonderful strange, Jeremy.

Jer. What is, sir?

Val. That grey hairs should cover a green head, and I make a fool of my father. [*Enter Foresight, Mrs. F. and Mrs. Frail, L. 2 E.*] What's here? *Erra Pater*, or a

bearded sibyl? If prophecy comes, Honesty must give place.

[*Exeunt Valentine, Jeremy, c. R.*

Fore. What says he? What did he prophesy? Ha, Sir Sampson! Bless us! how are we?

Sir Samp. Are we? A plague o' your prognostification! Why, we are fools as we used to be. Oons, that you could not foresee that the moon would predominate, and my son be mad! Ah! that I who know the world, and men and manners, who don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour! when, body o' me! there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity!

[*Exit, L. 2 E.*

Fore. Ah, Sir Sampson, Heaven help your head! This is none of your lucky hour—*Nemo omnibus horis sapit!* What, is he gone, and in contempt of science? Ill stars, and uncontrovertible ignorance attend him!

Scand. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight, for he has been heartily vexed. His son is *non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law, so that all his measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. Frail. What, has my sea lover lost his anchor of hope, then?

[*Aside to Mrs. Foresight.*

Mrs. Fore. O sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. Frail. Do with him? Send him to sea again in the next foul weather. He's used to an inconstant element, and won't be surprised to see the tide turned.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[*Considers.*

Scand. You look pretty well, Mrs. Foresight. How did you rest last night?

Fore. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams, and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scand. But would you not talk with Valentine? Perhaps you may understand him; I am apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his discourse, and sometimes rather think him inspired than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. Scandal, truly. I am inclining to your *Turkish* opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him. [*Exeunt*, c.

Mrs. Frail. Sister, do you go with them, I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you.

[*Exit Mrs. Foresight*, c. D.

On my conscience here he comes! [*Sits on sofa*.

Enter Ben, L. 2 E.

Ben. All mad, I think! Flesh, I believe all the *Calentures* of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. Frail. Mr. Benjamin in choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleased well enough, now I have found you. Mess, I have had such a hurricane upon your account yonder. [*Sits by her*.

Mrs. Frail. My account?—Pray, what's the matter?

Ben. Why, father came and found me squabbling with yon chitty-faced thing, as he would have me marry, so he asked what was the matter. He asked in a surly sort of a way. It seems brother Val is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion, but what did I know that? What's that to me?—So he asked in a surly sort of manner, and, gad, I answered 'em as surlily! What tho'f he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'em: so, faith, I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him; and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her, to learn her sampler, and make dirt pies, than to look after a husband; for my part, I was none of her man—I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will!

Mrs. Frail. So then, you intend to go to sea again ?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you—but I would not tell him so much. So he said, he'd make my heart ache, and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool, and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aching than my heart! He was woundy angry when I giv'n that wipe—he hadn't a word to say, and so I left'n and the green girl together; mayhap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself,—with all my heart!

Mrs. Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father ?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first ?

Mrs. Frail. [*Rises.*] O impiety ! how have I been mistaken ! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon ! O, I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face !

[*Crosses to L.*

Ben. Hey, toss ? What's the matter now ? Why you ben't angry, be you ?

Mrs. Frail. O see me no more, [*Crosses, R.*] for thou wert born amongst rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds, and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey !

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young woman ! love has turned her senses, her brain is quite overset !—Well-a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights ?

Mrs. Frail. No, no, I am not mad, monster ; I am wise enough to find you out !—Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband, with that stubborn and disobedient temper ? You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife ? I should have been finely fobbed, indeed, very finely fobbed !

Ben. Harkee, forsooth! If so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see, for aught as I perceive I'm likely to be finely fobbed—if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tacked about already! What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroking my cheeks,—what would you sheer off so?—Would you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which way you will!

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. Frail. Only the wind's changed.

Ben. More shame for you!—The wind's changed? It is an ill wind blows nobody good! Mayhap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks. What, did you mean all this while to make a fool of me?

Mrs. Frail. Any fool but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad, I would not be your husband, if you would have me, now I know your mind, tho'f you had your weight in gold and jewels, and tho'f I loved you never so well!

Mrs. Frail. Why, canst thou love, Porpus?

Ben. No matter what I can do, don't call names—I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did. I'm glad you show yourself, mistress:—let them marry you as don't know you. Gad, I know you too well, by sad experience,—I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a henpecked frigate! I believe that, young woman! So there's a dash for you, take it as you will, mayhap you may hollow after me when I won't come to! [*Exit*, L. 2 E.]

Mrs. Frail. Ha, ha, ha! No doubt on't! [*Sings.*] “My true love is gone to sea!” [*Enter Mrs. Foresight*, c.] O, sister, had you come a minute sooner you would have seen the resolution of a lover. Honest *Tar* and I are parted,—and with the same indifference that we met.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. Frail. Most tyrannically! But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me. Sir Sampson is enraged, and talks desperately of committing matrimony himself. Now, if we could bring it about!

Mrs. Fore. O hang him, old fox! he's too cunning; besides, he hates both you and me. But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with Jeremy, Valentine's man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. Frail. Sell him? How?

Mrs. Fore. Valentine raves upon Angelica, and took me for her, and Jeremy says, will take any body for her that he imposes on him. Now, I have promised him mountains, if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married together,—and if he should recover his senses, he'll be glad, at least, to make you a good settlement. Here they come, stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

Enter SCANDAL and JEREMY, C.

Scand. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him? [*To Jeremy.*]

Jer. Yes, sir, he says he'll favor it, and mistake her for Angelica.

Enter VALENTINE and FORESIGHT, C. VALENTINE has hold of FORESIGHT'S cravat, and leads him forward.

Scand. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us!

Val. Hush't! Interrupt me not—I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy? I have told thee what's past—now I'll tell what's to come. Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow? Answer me not—for I will

tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive through craft, and fools through fortune, and Honesty will go as it did,—frost-nipt in a summer-suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

Scand. Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

Fore. Pray what will be done at Court?

Val. Scandal will tell you. I am Honesty,—I never come there. [Crosses, L.

Fore. In the city?

Val. Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh! things will go methodically in the city. The clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horned herd buzz in the exchange at two. Husband and wives will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. But hold, I must examine you before I go further, you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

Fore. I am married.

Val. Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent Garden parish?

Fore. No. St. Martin in the Fields.

Val. Alas, poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled, his legs dwindled, and his back bowed. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis. Change thy shape and shake off age, get the *Medea's* kettle and be boiled anew, come forth with laboring, callous hands, a chine of steel, and *Atlas'* shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. [Goes up and sits on sofa.

Fore. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. I believe it is a spring-tide.

Fore. Very likely, truly. You understand these matters. Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you

about these things which he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious, and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

Jer. She's here, sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, sister!

Mrs. Frail. O Lord, what must I say?

Scand. Humor him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh, I see her!—She comes like riches, health, and liberty, at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch! Oh welcome, welcome!

[*Advances to Mrs. Frail and kisses her hand.*]

Mrs. Frail. How d'ye sir? Can I serve you?

Val. Harkee—I have a secret to tell you—Endymion and the moon shall meet us upon Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret, and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail, Argus's hundred eyes be shut, ha? nobody shall know but Jeremy!

Mrs. Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret!

Val. The sooner the better. Jeremy, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us. Jeremy, I can tell you news. Angelica is turned nun, and I am turned friar; and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the pope! Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part—for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project; and we won't see one another's faces!

Enter TATTLE and ANGELICA, L. 2 E.

Jer. I'll take care, and—

Val. Whisper—[*Exeunt Val. Jer. & Mrs. Frail, c.*]

Angelica. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make love to me,

you spoil my design, for I intend to make you my confidant.

Scand. How's this! Tattle making love to Angelica!

Tattle. But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person! and such a fortune, on a madman!

Angel. I never loved him till he was mad, but don't tell any body so.

Tattle. Tell, madam! Alas you don't know me!—I have much ado to tell your ladyship how long I have been in love with you—but encouraged by the impossibility of Valentine's making any more addresses to you, I have ventured to declare the very inmost passion of my heart! Oh, madam, compare us! In Valentine, you see the ruins of a poor decayed creature! Here, a complete, lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam, and to all this the most passionate lover.—

Angel. O, fie for shame, hold your tongue! A passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! When you are as mad as Valentine, I'll believe you love me, and the maddest shall take me.

Re-enter VALENTINE, MRS. FRAIL, and JEREMY, c.

Val. It is enough.—Ha! who's here?

Mrs. Frail. O Lord, her coming will spoil all!

[*To Jeremy.*

Jer. No, no, madam, he won't know her, if he should, I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? [*Comes forward, c. with Scandal.*] Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think. Get away all the company but Angelica, that I may discover my design to her. [*Whispers.*

Scand. I will—I have discovered something of Tattle that is of a piece with Mrs. Frail. He courts Angelica; if we could contrive to couple them together. Hark'ee—

[*Whispers. Scandal and Val. retire, c. d*

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, cousin, he knows nobody.

Fore. But he knows more than any body! Oh, niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tattle. Look you, Mr. Foresight [*Crosses*], it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much. But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pounds now that I know more secrets than he!

Fore. How? I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. Tattle.—Pray, what do you know?

Tattle. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir? Read it in my face? No, sir, it is written in my heart, and safer there, sir, than letters written in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out! I am no blab, sir!

Re-enter VALENTINE and SCANDAL, C.

Val. Acquaint Jeremy with it, he may easily bring it about. They are welcome, and I'll tell them so myself. [*To Scandal.*] What, do you look strange upon me? Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Honesty, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*]

Tattle. Do you know me, Valentine? [*Crosses to Val.*]

Val. You! Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tattle. I am Jack Tattle, your friend.

Val. My friend! What to do? I am no married man! I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then what employment have I for a friend.

Tattle. Ha! A good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret. [*Crosses to L. corner.*]

Angel. Do you know me, Valentine? [*Goes to him.*]

Val. Oh, very well!

Angel. Who am I?

Val. You're a woman—one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of Heaven in a pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely, spotless paper, when you are first born, but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you, for I loved a woman, and loved her so long that I found out a strange thing. I found out what a woman was good for.

Tattle. Ay; pr'ythee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tattle. O Lord!

Val. O, exceeding good to keep a secret: for though she should tell, yet she is not believed. [*Retires to couch.*]

Tattle. Ha! good again, faith!

[*Jeremy and Scandal whisper.*]

Jer. I'll do't, sir.

Scand. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you. Mercy on us!

[*Exit Foresight, L. 2 E.*]

Jer. [*To Mrs. Frail.*] You'll meet, madam. I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt; in short, I will deny thee nothing.

[*Exit Mrs. Frail, L. 2 E.*]

Tattle. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*]

Angel. No, I'll stay with him. Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt, Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Tattle. There's no coming off now she has said that. Madam, will you do me the honor?

Mrs. Fore. Mr. Tattle might have used less ceremony!
[*Crosses to Tattle, Tattle turns to look at Val. who draws his sword and Tattle and Mrs. F. run out, L. 2 E.*]

Scand. Jeremy, follow Tattle. [*Exit Jeremy, L. 2 E.*]

Angel. [*Sits in chair, R. H.*] Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Tattle.

Scand. Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better reason which you gave to Mr. Tattle, for his impertinence forced you to acknowledge a kindness for Valentine, which you denied to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery, and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Angel. Oh, heavens! You won't leave me alone with a madman?

Scand. No, madam, I only leave a madman to his remedy. [*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Angel. [*Rises.*] Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hanged! [*Aside.*]

Val. [*Rises.*] You see what disguises love makes us put on. Gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason, and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this mask of madness, and this motley livery, only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty!

Angel. Mercy on me, how he talks!—poor Valentine!

Val. Nay, faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart, and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves, and since you have loved me, you must own, I have at length deserved you should confess it.

Angel. [*Sighs.*] I would I had loved you!—for, Heaven knows, I pity you, and, could I have foreseen the sad effects, I would have striven,—but that's too late.

Val. What sad effects? What's too late? My seeming madness has deceived my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate, which otherwise,

by articles, I must this morning have resigned. And this I had informed you of to-day, but you were gone before I knew you had been here.

Angel. How! I thought your love of me had caused this transport in your soul, which, it seems, you only counterfeited for mercenary ends and sordid interest!

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong, for, if any interest was considered, it was yours, since I thought I wanted more than love, to make me worthy of you.

Angel. Then you thought me mercenary. But how am I deluded, by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer!

Enter JEREMY, L. 2 E.

Angel. Oh, here's a reasonable creature, sure he will not have the impudence to persevere! Come, Jeremy, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

Jer. Counterfeit, madam! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in Bedlam! Nay he's as mad as any projector, fanatic, chemist, lover, or poet, in Europe!

Val. Sirrah, you lie, I am not mad!

Angel. Ha, ha, ha! You see he denies it.

[*Sits on sofa, c.*]

Jer. O Lord, madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it?

Val. Sot! Can't you apprehend?

Angel. Why, he talked very sensibly just now!

Jer. Yes, madam, he has intervals, but you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why, you thick-skulled rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I'll be mad no longer! [*Beats him.*]

Angel. Ha, ha, ha! Is he mad, or no, Jeremy?

Jer. Partly, I think, for he does not know his own mind two hours! I'm sure I left him just now in the humor to be mad, and I think I have not found him very quiet at the present. [*A knock, L. 2 E.*] Who's there?

Val. Go see, you sot! [*Exit Jeremy, L. 2 E.*] I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, though not your compassion! [*Crosses, L.*]

Angel. [R. M. B.] I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptious. But now you have restored me to my former opinion and compassion.

Re-enter JEREMY, L. 2 E.

Jer. Sir, your father has sent to know if you are any better yet. Will you please to be mad, sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses. I'm mad, and will be mad, to every body but this lady!

Jer. Madam, your ladyship's woman.

Enter JENNY, L. 2 E.

Angel. [*Crosses to Jenny.*] Well, have you been there? Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, madam, Sir Sampson will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to Angelica and goes up to door.*]

Val. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

Angel. Would any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty? uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life! Security is an insipid thing, and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better, for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to show our faces. But I'll tell you two things before I'll leave you,—I am not the fool you take me for, and you are mad, and don't know it.

[*Exeunt Ang. and Jenny, L. 2 E.*]

Val. From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle. Yet I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend, who says

That women are like tricks by slight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

[*Knocks Jeremy over sofa and exits, L. 2 E.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

A Room in Foresight's House. Enter ANGELICA, L. and JENNY, R.

Angel. Where is Sir Sampson? did you not tell me he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Angel. How! I'm glad o't. If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me, and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, madam!

Angel. Leave me, and, d'ye hear, if Valentine should come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

[*Exit Jenny, l.*]

Enter SIR SAMPSON, R.

Sir Samp. I have not been honored with the commands of a fair lady a great while. Odd, madam, you have revived me—not since I was five-and-thirty!

Angel. Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson; that is not long ago.

Sir Samp. Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Angel. You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. Not at all, madam. Odsbud, you wrong me! Let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth you do! Come, don't despise fifty; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age!

Angel. Fifty a contemptible age! Not at all: a very fashionable age, I think. I assure you, I know very considerable beaux, that set a good face upon fifty! Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box by candlelight, out blossom five-and-twenty!

Sir Samp. Outsides, outsides, mere outsides! Hang your side-box beaux! no, I'm none of those,—none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long-lived race, and inherit vigor. None of my ancestors married till fifty. I am of your patriarchs, *I*, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away! Well, madam, what are your commands? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? or—

Angel. No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands. I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and it is pity you should! Odd, would she would like me! then I should hamper my young rogue: odd, would she would, faith and troth, she's devilish handsome! [*Aside.*] Madam, you deserve a good husband! and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging—that is a very young fellow—they never think beforehand of any thing,—and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder, out of a frolic, and are ready to hang

themselves, or to be hanged by the law the next morning. Odso, have a care, madam!

Angel. Therefore, I ask your advice, Sir Sampson,—I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like,—if there were such a thing as a young, agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of good nature and sense—for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir Samp. Odd, you are hard to please, madam: to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly! I hate a wit,—I had a son that was spoilt among them,—a good hopeful lad, till he learnt to be a wit—and might have risen in the state. But his wit ran him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits!

Angel. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter—he's no more mad than you are.

Sir Samp. How, madam! Would I could prove it!

Angel. I can tell you how that may be done—but it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, I believe she likes me! [*Aside.*] Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet! If I had *Peru* in one hand, and *Mexico* in t'other, and the Eastern empire under my feet, it would make me only a more glorious victim, to be offer'd at the shrine of your beauty!

Angel. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir Samp. Odd, madam, I love you—and if you would take my advice in a husband—

Angel. Hold, hold, Sir Sampson, I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your consent! I

was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about Valentine; for if a match were seemingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of losing me, for, you know he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir Samp. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance—if we were to go through with it! But why must the match only be *seemingly* carried on? Odd, let it be a real contract!

Angel. O fie, Sir Sampson, what would the world say?

Sir Samp. Say? They would say you were a wise woman, and I a happy man! Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I die!

Angel. Ay, but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson, for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir Samp. Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage! Faith and troth, I like you the better! But, I warrant you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favor of myself. Body o' me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the male issue! Odsbud, I'll find an estate!

Angel. Will you?

Sir Samp. O rogue! and will you consent? It is a match then?

Angel. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation, and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir Samp. With all my heart! Come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond. [*Crosses, L.*] You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man, I'm a young man! Odd, you're devilish

handsome! Faith and troth, you're very handsome, and I'm very young! Odsbud, hussy, you know how to choose, and so do I! Odd, I think we are very well met. Give me your hand, odd, let me kiss it, 'tis as warm and as soft as what? Odd, as t'other hand!

Angel. Hold, Sir Sampson! You're profuse.

Sir Samp. Ah! baggage. Odd, Sampson is a very good name! Your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning!

Angel. But, if you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name pulled an old house over his head at last.

Sir Samp. Say you so, hussy? I'll risk the tumbling of the temple. *[Exeunt, L. H. kissing her hand.]*

Enter TATTLE and JEREMY, C.

Tattle. [L.] Is not that she gone out just now?

Jer. [R.] Ay, sir, she's just going to the place of appointment. Ah, sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honor's service.

Tattle. Ay, who's that?

Jer. Even my unworthy self, sir. Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while—and now, sir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty! I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for!

Tattle. I'll make thy fortune, say no more! Thou art a pretty fellow, and canst carry a message to a lady in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jer. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetoric and oratory in my head—I have been at Cambridge.

Tattle. Ay, 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an University, but the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

Jer. O sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of *Nilus*!

Tattle. Ay? Who's he, though? A privy-counselor?

Jer. O ignorance! (*aside.*) A cunning Egyptian, sir, that with his arms could overrun the country, yet nobody could ever find out his head-quarters.

Tattle. Close dog!—The time draws nigh, Jeremy! Angelica will be veiled like a nun, and I must be hooded like a friar, ha, Jeremy?

Jer. Ay, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry? It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dressed, and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady! I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy change she has made, between a madman and so accomplished a gentleman.

Tattle. Ay, faith, so she will, Jeremy; you're a good friend to her, poor creature!—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself as compassion to her!

Jer. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman, with thirty thousand pounds from throwing herself away.

Tattle. So 'tis, faith!—I might have saved several others in my time, but, egad, I could never find in my heart to marry any body before. [*Crosses, R. H.*]

Jer. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming, and meet you in half-a-quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your lodgings. You must talk a little madly—she won't distinguish the tone of your voice?

Tattle. No, no, let me alone of a counterfeit—I'll be ready for you! [*Exit Jeremy, L. H.*]

Enter MISS PRUE, R. H.

Miss P. O, Mr. Tattle, are you here? I'm glad I have found you. I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tired as any thing in the world.

Tattle. How shall I get rid of this foolish girl?

[*Aside.*]

Miss P. O, I have pure news, I can tell you pure news—I must not marry the seaman now—my father says so! Why won't you be my husband? You say you love me! and you won't be my husband. And I know you may be my husband now if you please.

Tattle. O fie, miss! Who told you so, child?

Miss P. Why, my father—I told him that you loved me.

Tattle. O fie, miss! Why did you do so? And who told you so, child?

Miss P. Who? Why you did, did not you?

Tattle. That was yesterday, miss, that was a great while ago, child! I have been asleep since, slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss P. O but I dreamt that it was so though!

Tattle. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come to contraries, child! We must not love one another now.—Pshaw! that would be a foolish thing indeed!

Miss P. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did then?

Tattle. No, no, child, you would not have me.

Miss P. No? Yes but I would though!

Tattle. But I tell you, you would not! You forget you are a woman and don't know your own mind!

Miss P. But here's my father, and he knows my mind!

Enter FORESIGHT, R. H.

Fore. Oh, Mr. Tattle,—[*Crosses*—]—your servant:—you are a close man, but methinks your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with!—Or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art?—Hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy that has a resemblance of her, and the girl is like me.

Tattle. And so you would infer, that you and I are alike. What does the old prig mean?—I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him! [*Aside.*]—I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you: and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and shan't know, and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you to know, sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and as secret as the night! And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago, and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet.—There's a mystery for you! I know you love to untie difficulties.—Or if you can't solve this, stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you!

[*Exit, L. H.*

Miss P. O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my husband?

Fore. Mercy on us, what do these lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, child, stark wild!

Miss P. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then? What, must I go to my nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman? Indeed but I won't!

Fore. O fearful, I think the girl's influenced too! Hus-sy, you shall have a rod!

Miss P. A fiddle of a rod! I'll have a husband, and

if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself! I'll marry our Robin, the butler! I warrant he'll be my husband, and thank me too, for he told me so!

Enter SCANDAL, MRS. FORESIGHT, and Nurse, R. 2 E.

Fore. Did he so? I'll dispatch him for it presently! Rogue! Oh, nurse, come hither!

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure?

Fore. Here, take your young mistress, and lock her up presently, till further orders from me. Not a word, hussy—do what I bid you! No reply; away! And bid Robin make ready to give an account of his plate and linen, d'ye hear? Begone when I bid you!

Miss P. I don't care! Oh! Oh! [*Cries.*]

[*Exeunt Nurse and Miss Prue, R. H.*]

Mrs. Fore. [R. C.] What's the matter, husband?

Fore. [L.] 'Tis not convenient to tell you now—Mr. Scandal, Heaven keep us all in our senses! I fear there is a contagious frenzy abroad! How does Valentine?

Scandal. [R.] O, I hope he will do well again. I have a message from him to your niece Angelica.

Fore. I think she has not returned since she went abroad with Sir Sampson. [*Enter Ben, L. H.*] Here's Mr. Benjamin, he can tell us if his father be come home.

Ben. [L.] Who? father? Ay, he's come home with a vengeance!

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter?

Ben. Matter! Why he's mad!

Fore. [C.] Mercy on us! I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's a handsome young woman, she, as they say, brother Val went mad for, she's mad, too, I think!

Fore. O, my poor niece! My poor niece! Is she gone too? Well, I shall run mad next!

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess—I'll undertake to make a voyage to Antigua—no, I mayn't say so neither—but I'll sail as far as Leghorn, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else. Mess, you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why, then I'll tell you: there's a new wedding upon the stocks, and they two are going to be married to rights.

Scand. Who?

Ben. Why, father, and—the young woman! I can't hit of her name.

Scand. Angelica!

Ben. Ay, the same!

Mrs. Fore. Sir Sampson and Angelica? Impossible!

Ben. That may be—but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scand. 'Sdeath, it's a jest! I can't believe it!

[*Gets round to L.*

Ben. Look you, friend, it is nothing to me, whether you believe it or no! What I say is true, d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which!

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is not lunatic?

Ben. I don't know what you may call madness,—but she's mad for a husband, and he's horn-mad, I think, or they'd never make a match together! Here they come!

Enter SIR SAMPSON, ANGELICA, and BUCKRAM, L. BUCKRAM goes to table, R.

Sir Samp. Where is this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect? Aha! Old Foresight! Uncle Foresight! Wish me joy, Uncle Foresight, double joy, both as uncle and astrologer; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your ephemeris!—the brightest star in the blue

firmament is shot from above, and so forth, and I'm lord of the ascendant! Odd, you're an old fellow, Foresight, Uncle I mean, a very old fellow, Uncle Foresight, and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding, faith and troth you shall! Odd, we'll have the music of the spheres for thee, old Lilly, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a dance in *via lactea!*

Fore. I'm thunderstruck! You are not married to my niece?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely married, Uncle, but very near it, within a kiss of the matter, as you see!

[*Kisses Angelica.*

Angel. 'Tis very true, indeed, Uncle; I hope you'll be my father and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes! Body o' me, he shall be thy father, I'll make him thy father!

Scand. Death! Where's Valentine? [*Exit, L. H.*

Mrs. Fore. This is so surprising—

Sir Samp. How! What does my Aunt say? Surprising, Aunt? Not at all, for a young couple to make match!

Ben. The young woman's a handsome young woman, I can't deny it: but father, if I might be your pilot in this case, you should not marry her!

Sir Samp. Who gave you authority to speak, sirrah? To your element, fish, be mute, fish, and to sea! Rule your helm, sirrah, don't direct me!

Ben. Well, well, take you care of your own helm, or you mayn't keep your new vessel steady!

Sir Samp. Why, you impudent tarpaulin! Sirrah, do you bring your fore-castle jests upon your father? but I shall be even with you, I won't give you a groat! Mr. Buckram, is the conveyance so worded, that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel? I would not so much

as have him have the prospect of an estate, though there were no way to come to it, but by the North-east passage!

Buck. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your conscience! They say a witch will sail in a sieve—but I believe the devil would not venture aboard your conscience! and that's for you!

[*Sits on sofa, L. H.*]

Sir Samp. Hold your tongue, sirrah!—How now? Who's here?

Enter TATTLE [as monk], and MRS. FRAIL [as nun], L. H. they walk up and down the stage in front, R. & L.

Mrs. Frail. O sister, the most unlucky accident!

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter?

Tattle. O the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are!

Fore. Bless us! how so?

Mrs. Frail. Ah, Mr. Tattle and I, poor Mr. Tattle and I are—I can't speak it out!

Tattle. [L.] Nor I—but poor Mrs. Frail and I are—

Mrs. Frail. [L. c.] Married!

Fore. [c.] Married! How?

Tattle. Suddenly—before we knew where we were—that villain Jeremy, by the help of disguises, tricked us into it!

Fore. Why you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married!

Angel. (R. c.) But, I believe Mr. Tattle meant the favor to me; I thank him.

Tattle. I did, as I hope to be saved, madam; my intentions were good!—But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore!—The devil take me, if ever I was so much concerned at any thing in my life!

Angel. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tattle. The least in the world,—that is, for my part, I speak for myself! Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness,—I never liked any body less in my life! Poor woman! Gad, I'm sorry for her too, for I have no reason to hate her neither, but I believe I shall lead her a damned sort of a life!

Mrs. Frail. Nay, for my part, I always despised Mr. Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tattle. I thought as much! I wish we could keep it secret,—why I don't believe any of this company would speak of it.

Ben. (*On sofa, L.*) If you suspect me, friend, I'll go out of the room.

Mrs. Frail. But, my dear, that's impossible, the parson and that rogue Jeremy will publish it!

Tattle. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say!

Angel. O you'll agree very well in a little time!

Ben. (*Comes down, c.*) Why, there's another match now, as tho'f a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man, with all my heart. Look you, friend,—if I may advise,—I have experience of her,—when she's going let her go! Who's here? the madman!

*Enter VALENTINE, SCANDAL, and JEREMY, L. H. TATTLE,
MRS. FRAIL and BEN go up stage, L.*

Val. No, here's the fool, and, if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand!

Sir Samp How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir Samp. What, have you found your senses at last then ?

Val. You were abused, sir, I never was distracted.

Fore. How ? Not mad, Mr. Scandal ?

Scand. No, really, sir,—I'm his witness, it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons,—but it was a poor contrivance, the effect has shown it such.

Sir Samp. Contrivance ! What to cheat me ? to cheat your father ? Sirrah, could you hope to prosper ?

Val. Indeed, I thought, sir, when the father endeavored to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir Samp. [c.] Very good, sir ! Mr. Buckram, are you ready ? Come, sir, will you sign and seal ?

Val. [L. c.] If you please, sir,—but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask me leave first. That lady ? No, sir, you shall ask that lady no questions, till you have asked her blessing, sir,—that lady is to be my wife !

Val. I have heard as much, sir, but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir Samp. That's as much as to say, I lie, sir !

Val. Pardon me, sir ! But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness : I don't know but the frolic may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him. Come, Mr. Buckram, the pen and ink !

Buck. Here it is, sir, with the deed, all is ready !

Angel. [R. c.] 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me ; nay, what if you were sincere. Still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person than yours.

Sir Samp. Are you answered now, sir ?

Val. Yes, sir.

Sir Samp. Where's your plot, sir ? And your con-

trivance now, sir? Will you sign, sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my heart, sir.

Scand. [L. H.] 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin yourself?

Val. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure, and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts,—and find, at last, that nothing but my ruin can effect it, which, for that reason, I will sign to. Give me the paper.

[*Goes to table, R. H.*

Angel. [*Up R. C., near table.*] Generous Valentine!

[*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the deed, sir.

Val. But where is the bond, by which I am obliged to sign this?

Buck. Sir Sampson, you have it.

Angel. No, I have it [*holds paper up*] and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an enemy to Valentine!

[*Tears the paper.*

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Ha!

Angel. [*To Val.*] Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion! Here's my hand, my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue!

Val. [c.] Between pleasure and amazement I am lost,—but on my knees I take the blessing! [*Kneels.*

Sir Samp. Oons, what is the meaning of this?

[*Val. rises.*

Ben. [*Comes down, L. C.*] Mess, here's the wind changed again! Father, you and I may make a voyage together now!

Angel. Well, Sir Sampson; since I have played you a

trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. [*Crosses to Sir Sampson.*] Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always loved your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolved to try him to the utmost; I have tried you, too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has virtues, and it is hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you!

Sir Samp. Oons, you're a crocodile! [*Crosses, R.*

Fore. This is a sudden eclipse, my friend and brother!

Sir Samp: You're a d—d old fool, and I'm another!

[*Exit, R. followed by Buckram.*

Tattle. [*Down, L. C.*] If the gentleman is in disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine! Oh, are you there, sir? [*To Jeremy, L.*] I am indebted to you for my happiness!

Jer. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons,—it was an arrant mistake! You see, sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it. [*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*

Val. Tattle, I thank you,—you would have interposed between me and Heaven, but Providence laid purgatory in your way. You have but justice!

Scand. [*To Angel.*] Well, madam,—I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me,—for now I am convinced that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favors.

Angelica. You would all have the reward of love, but have not the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. How few, like Valentine, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy. In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

The miracle to-day, is, that we find,
A lover true, not that a woman's kind.

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